

YANKEE GIRL MAY BE A QUEEN

Heiress Who Married Portuguese Pretender Has Chance.

PORTUGAL THRONE WAITING

Family of the Pretender May Be Called to the Regal Palaces.

Will she ever become the queen of Portugal? That was the question which was asked again and again when, on July 9, 1909, there was announced in London the engagement of Miss Anita Stewart, the American heiress, to Prince Miguel Maximilian Sebastian Marie de Braganza, the eldest son of Prince Miguel, the pretender to the throne of Portugal, and grandson of the man who actually reigned as king of that country from 1828 to 1834.

The question is being asked repeatedly now that the dynasty of Braganza-Coburg has been overthrown by the revolutionary movement and King Manuel and the queen mother have sought safety in flight. But, interesting as are the complications which confront one when he undertakes to investigate the history of the royal family of Portugal, the contingencies which might admit of the accession of an American queen are rather improbable of occurrence, and they are not much more improbable now that the republic has been proclaimed than they were on September 15 last, when the wedding took place in Scotland, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

If the house to which the husband of the American girl belongs should come back into power the scepter would be placed in the hands of the father of her prince, one would suppose. But the father's father, at the end of the period of civil war, which was precipitated by his accession to power in 1828, renounced for himself and his descendants all pretensions to the throne and solemnly promised not to meddle further in the affairs of the country. For the son of the deposed king to come to the throne therefore would mean the repudiation of this renunciation of his father.

At least once, however, the pretender has announced himself ready to "respond to a call to the throne of his fathers." It was more than two years ago that he received at his home in lower Austria a delegation of the anti-dynastic party in Portugal, by whom he was invited to make a statement regarding the "unconstitutional regime" which had been instituted by the premier of the kingdom.

The aspirant took time to consider and then called in some reporters of the Vienna newspapers and gave out interviews in which he categorically condemned the rule of his kinsman, King Carlos, and declared his willingness to hear the call of the people of Portugal. A campaign followed, in which the father was assisted by his sons, Prince Miguel, now the husband of Anita Stewart, and Prince Francis Joseph. All three bore commissions in the army of Austria, the father that of a colonel of hussars. Up to the time of the murder of the king of Portugal, in February of 1908, the father and his sons had spent much time in England, where they rode to the hounds and visited the venerable dowager duchess of Braganza at the convent of St. Cecilia, on the Isle of Wight, where she was known as Mother Adelaide.

Unwelcome in England. But the assassination of King Carlos and his eldest son, the heir apparent, brought the present boy king to the throne and made the pretender and his sons rather unwelcome in English court circles. King Edward acquiesced in the Austrian emperor with his displeasure that a Portuguese revolution should be fomented from Vienna, and a revolution which, by inference at least, might be identified with the tragedy at Lisbon. The Duke of Braganza, therefore, was allowed to regain his office in the hussars, but his sons were dismissed from the posts. After that time the elder son spent much time hovering on the outskirts of London society, and his brother, Francis Joseph, occupied himself in Paris.

It was said that Prince Miguel was looking for an heiress whom he might marry. The story runs that he first saw Miss Stewart when they were fellow passengers on a channel steamer crossing from Calais to Dover. She attracted him. He compassed all the wiles known to the expert in the effort to get an opening so that he might speak. None came. The young lady and her mother kept a very haughty attitude. But the mother and daughter became very suspicious as to the identity of the handsome young man who was shadowing them. They asked that the guard look after them in their railway carriage. But the persistent prince took the same train for London, and when the ladies entered their motor brougham he paid well a chauffeur who kept in sight of their carriage until it reached its destination.

Then all became easy. The carriage stopped in front of a house in Grosvenor square. The identity of the American was quickly established. The

"77"

Humphreys' Seventy-Seven Breaks up Grip and

COLDS

Like Cures Like.

The curative value of "Seventy-seven" is due to the law of cure expounded by Hahnemann—Similia Similibus Curantur—Like Cures Like—and thus differs from the cold cures and cough mixtures, which depend upon and are laden with opiates for their soothing effects.

"Seventy-seven" is a good remedy for Coughs, Colds, Grip, Influenza and Sore Throat. At all Drug Stores 25c, or mailed.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and Ann Streets, New York.

DIAPYPSIN, SOURNESS, GAS AND STOMACH HEADACHE GO.

A little Diapypsin makes your out-of-order Stomach feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of Dizziness, Heartburn, Fullness, Nausea, Bad taste in mouth and stomach, headache—this is Indigestion.

A full case of Pape's Diapypsin costs only 50 cents and will thoroughly cure your out-of-order stomach, and leave sufficient about the house in case some one else in the family may suffer from stomach trouble or Indigestion.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula plainly printed on these 50-cent cases, then you will understand why dyspeptic trouble of all

prince induced a friend to take him to the house and perform the necessary introductions. He made his apologies for following them with cleverness and suavity. He "wanted so much to know them." He called at the house a number of times. The mother did not think of "intentions" until too late. When he declared them there was a prompt refusal. The daughter must not enter upon the life of political intrigue to which the wife of the prince would be destined. But the affections of the young woman were already engaged. At length the consent of the mother was given.

One Remaining Chance.

But now the republic has arrived apparently. No one can say what the future story of Portugal may be, whether the republic will stay, or the present royal family will come back, or—and here lies the one possibility of the American girl becoming a queen—if the family of the pretender will be called to the regal palaces of the Braganzas. It is conceivable always that the people will tire of the newly constituted form of government, that they will decide not to allow King Manuel to rule over them, and they will invite the pretender to assume the throne which was renounced by his father. It would not be the first time in history that one branch of a family has been exiled and another put into power.

At the time of the marriage of Anita Stewart and her prince there were other questions that people were asking also. In the event of her husband coming to the throne of Portugal would she be regarded as a morganatic wife? Prince Miguel was careful to point out before the ceremony was performed that the marriage would not be of a morganatic character. He said that he had himself renounced all titles with equal right. On the day of the ceremony there was handed to the bride a patent by which the emperor of Austria created her a princess of the empire.

That wedding in the little Scottish church on September 15, 1909, was hailed as the first royal wedding which Scotland had known since the marriage of the ill-fated Mary, queen of Scots. The people of the region of Dingwall made the occasion a semi-public event. The town was gaily decorated and as big a bonfire as ever blazed on a Scottish beacon hill was lighted on the slopes of Ben Wyvis, and around it danced the young people of the neighborhood to the music of bagpipes.

Since the wedding of this American heiress the world has been called upon from time to time to notice the struggles which the creditors of the duke have made to get enough of the wealth of the bride to satisfy their claims. It was understood at the time of the wedding that a large sum was settled upon the prince. It was stated also that the mother of the bride had settled upon her \$1,000,000 outright, which would make her total income at least the interest upon a million and a half, as her stepfather willed her \$500,000 in interest-bearing railroad bonds.

Deeply in Debt. The prince was deeply in debt at the time of the marriage. Last December it was stated in dispatches from Budapest that a syndicate of creditors was suing the prince for a million. It was said that the syndicate had advanced him a large sum, payable when he should have made a rich marriage.

Then last February in Vienna a large crowd in the streets watched the transfer of bric-a-brac and other belongings of the prince from his rooms to a huge wagon, some of his creditors having seized his furniture. The prince had paid off most of his creditors in the Austrian capital immediately after the wedding.

The proceedings in this instance of seizure were instituted by creditors whose claims amounting to \$30,000, had been disputed. A few days later word came across the ocean that in Berlin the police had taken possession of promissory notes signed by the prince which amounted to a huge sum.

To cap the monetary troubles of this scion of the Braganzas, announcement was published in Vienna on February 14 last that the Austrian courts had placed Prince Miguel under "curatel," which puts him in much more humiliating position than that of an undischarged bankrupt in England. People are only placed under curatel on the ground of insanity or reckless extravagance. One is deprived of all his privileges as a citizen, he is incapable of contracting any legal obligation, not even the mere witnessing of a legal document, and he is at the mercy of his curators or judicial trustees, appointed by the court to act as his guardians and as the administrators of whatever property he may have left.

It would seem then that the wedding had not brought the American girl any increase of social prestige. It is said that no reigning house has taken any notice of her since the marriage.

RELIGION CLASSES TO MEET.

In the Brigham Young Memorial building, at 2 o'clock, this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the religion class workers of the four city stakes will resume their class meetings. For the present there will be but two departments, the primary and first intermediate in one, and the second intermediate classes in the other. The work will be conducted under the direction of John Henry Evans and Joseph Jensen of the Latter-day Saints university.

kinds must go and why they usually relieve sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. Diapypsin is harmless and tastes like candy, though each dose contains power sufficient to digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite, but, what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for Bilioussness or Constipation.

This city will have many Diapypsin cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be cranky about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever try a little for Indigestion or Gastritis or any other Stomach misery.

Get some now, this minute, and forever rid yourself of Stomach Trouble and Indigestion.

FAMOUS INDIAN DIES BITTER

Relative of President Franklin Pierce Hated White Race.

SCORNEO LINCOLN'S GIFT

Always Spoke With a Sneer of the Great White Father.

Pierre, S. D., Nov. 26.—Old Joe La Framboise is dead, and another link between the present days of progress and peace and that time of terror and massacre in the early days of Minnesota's history—days which are rapidly being dimmed by the passing of the men who participated in them—is gone.

But for one act of his life Old Joe would now be resting in his grave unmourned and remembered no more than those of his mixed breed companions who preceded him to the "happy hunting grounds." But that one act has won him a place in history and in the hearts of all who knew of his deed.

It was on August 18, 1862, that Old Joe saved his name from oblivion by saving sixty-two white persons from an inevitable and horrible death by torture at the hands of the Sioux.

Fired by the eloquent tongue of Little Crow, their head war chief, the savage humor of the Sioux and Yanktonians ran rapidly through the succession of fear and doubt into hatred. The ti-yo-ti-pi, or war dance, was held and the massacre planned.

La Framboise knew what it meant and, prompted perhaps by the blood of his civilized ancestors, carried the warning to the agency at Yellow Medicine. Here he gathered the frightened pioneers in the stone warehouse for the night, and in the morning saw them safely across the river before the storm of savage fury which carried hundreds of settlers to death was upon them.

Meagerly Rewarded for Service. There is nothing in the meager history of Old Joe which shows that he felt any close attachment for the whites, and after that one day of service he dropped back into his old life again.

But enough of the pride of the white man remained in him so that when the rewards for the Indians who had helped the whites in the outbreak had run through the red tape of government departments and Joe received nothing but a few farming implements, he accepted them sullenly and refused to fight for what was his by right. The gift of these tools he always considered as a personal insult.

One piece of log chain he always retained, insisting that it was the personal gift of Abraham Lincoln. This chain, when he could be prevailed upon to talk about the matter at all, he always exhibited with infinite scorn as the gift of the great white father for his services to his white children. For the most part, Old Joe's history is rather hazy, but this much is certain. His grandfather, Joseph La Framboise, was a French fur trader, a captain of the industry at Mackinaw, in the early days, and the husband of a full-blooded Ottawa squaw. His father, whose name was also Joseph, after burying four Sioux wives, settled down as the son-in-law of Major Robert Dickson, the manager of English affairs in the west during the war of 1812.

This Joseph had one sister, Josette La Framboise, who married Benjamin Pierce, whose brother, Franklin Pierce, later became president of the United States. Through this connection, Old Joe, the son of a Frenchman and a Sioux woman, claimed a personal relationship to a president.

An Interview With Him. Shortly before Old Joe died, Doane Robinson, secretary of the State Historical society of South Dakota, visited him in his home near Vebila, in Marshall county, South Dakota. This is Mr. Robinson's account of the interview:

"I found Old Joe smoking his pipe in front of his cabin, and he motioned me to a seat by his side.

"My grandfather, La Framboise, was a very nice man," said Old Joe, in the course of the conversation; "very nice man, very religious man. He was shot in his teepee while saying hees prayers."

"Old Joe smiled through his grizzled beard which sparsely covered his throat, and said: 'A few days later I have not said my prayers. I not reesk it.'"

"Joe displayed not a little Gallic pride in his ancestors. His conversation about his grandfather led him to boast of his relationship to Franklin Pierce.

"How He Treated Wives. "But domestic affairs far more immediate claimed his attention. His two scrawny old wives were preparing dinner under a tree not far from the cabin and a quarrel broke out. Joe abruptly left me, and striding over to the scene of battle shook his two better halves apart. He led one of them a little way and pointed to her cabin on the other side. She went, submissively and in silence.

"It is only way," he said, when I



Our Seal is the Sign of the Best Advertising

Without a Doubt, the Best

Be Sure That the Seal is On Your Ads

The Hubbard-Lane Publicity company offers to the merchants and manufacturers of the west the very best advertising service possible to obtain. The Hubbard-Lane Publicity organization has been augmented by the United Sales company, of which William Spielberg is the manager. This completes an organization capable of handling any advertising campaign for any class of business anywhere in the United States.

An organization of men, each an expert in his line, all working in harmony for one cause—production of advertising which shall bring their clients the very best returns—men who have studied advertising for years—not theoretical advertising men—not "book" advertising men—but men with PRACTICAL experience in advertising in all its branches. Men who have produced—men who have been tried by years of actual "hard knocks," and who are producing results for their long list of satisfied clients today.

Mr. M. A. Ellis
Formerly advertising manager for A. T. Lewis & Son, Dry Goods Company of Denver, and later in charge of agency publicity for the Chalmers Motor company, is now associated with us, and adds prestige to our copy and executive departments.

Mr. Ellis is a thorough technical man, and is conversant with advertising in all its phases, from the setting of the type to the finished advertisement and its distribution.

Special Sales Department

A new addition to the business is a department for conducting special sales. This department is known as the United Sales company, and managed by William Spielberg, an expert sales promoter.

This department will confine itself to the handling of special sales for merchants throughout the intermountain west—stocks will be taken and disposed of in a businesslike, profit-making manner. Mr. Spielberg's past successes are his best recommendations.

Illustrating Department

In this department we exploit the services of one of the best commercial artists in the west, Mr. Orson T. Truelson.

Commercial art is the modern art, and an advertisement well illustrated is certain to be read.

The excellence of the illustrations and designs in Hubbard-Lane ads have already become recognized by "those who know." This department adds the finishing touch to the already recognized largest advertising agency in the intermountain west.

Our Service

Service brings satisfaction (business). Our clients are our recommendations. We handle each individual account as if it were our one and only. We write, design, place and check all advertising. Complete records and files are kept of every ad, and the merchant or manufacturer who entrusts his advertising to us is certain of the best results possible to obtain.

Every Man An Expert

A. E. Hubbard, E. F. S. Lane, William Spielberg and M. A. Ellis are all experts in their several departments. All working in harmony for the benefit of each individual client, and with Orson T. Truelson, handling the illustrating and designing, we offer a combination of advertising skill and brains without equal in the middle west.

Hubbard-Lane Publicity Co.

500-501-502-503-504-505
HERALD BUILDING

BELL PHONE 1577

REFLEX GAS LIGHT

Reduces Light Bills One Half

Rather a startling assertion to make, but we are proving it in dozens of stores and hundreds of homes. We cannot only reduce light bills, but give you a perfectly white, steady light, year in and year out. The lamps do not "burn out" or turn yellow, and always give the same amount of white light. No other light will give the results or the solid satisfaction which is obtained by the use of these new inverted gas arcs and Reflex lamps. Nothing interrupts the service and no light can approach it for low cost of operation. Let us figure out for you just what it costs for your present light and then show you how much Reflex light you can buy for the same money. We will back up our figures and show you any number of beautiful lighting installations, operating at a much lower cost than the system we have displaced. Reflex light is growing in popularity every day, and it never suffers by comparison. A single lamp gives 150 candle power of beautiful, pure white light for one-half cent per hour. Don't put it off any longer—you need Reflex light in your business at once.

UTAH GAS & COKE CO.

61-65 Main St. Phones 4321

A SPEECH FOR "OLD HARRY."
Harry Bone, United States district attorney, has more friends than you can count in a day, keeping at it all the time. Back in 1892, when Populism, growing out of the Alliance movement, ran riot over the prairies of Kansas, Bone was nominated to run for the legislature on the Republican ticket in Clark county. There were only 200 odd voters in Clark county at the time, and Jerry Simpson had carried it at the last contest by 113 majority.

In the country, on a ranch, was a Democrat who thought a great deal of Bone. He invited Harry to come to the ranch and he would there have a bunch of his Democrats neighbors and make an effort to swing them in line for his Republican friend for the legislature.

After the party was on for some time this Democrat got out in the middle of the floor. He waved his long arms and got the attention of the crowd.

"I'm a Dimmycrat," he shouted. "But this here blanket-blank Rollance came along and I lined her. So that's my ticket. But when they go to work and

try to renominate and re-lect such fellows as they have for county clerk and such fellows as they have for county superintendent, their renomination and re-election would be disastrous and blanket-blank dissatisfaction to the people. That's the by golly how of it. Now there's old Harry, running for the legislature! Running, too, on the Republican ticket. When I ship a car or two to Kansas City and go back to Ashland and get into a game with some of them fellows down there and go broke as I ginerly do, I kin always go over to Harry's room any time a night and wake him up and get five or ten from him and get back into the game. And I propose to vote for him rockless of politicians, and that's the by golly how of it."

Harry didn't win the election that year, but he came within seventeen votes of it. And in the particular township where that speech was made he got practically every vote cast.—Kansas City Journal.

PRICES OF THINGS—the theme of never-lessening personal interest to you. Today's paper contains a lot of them.

HIS CATS BRING HIM WEALTH.
Frank A. Sterling of the Stag hotel in Halsey street, is a firm believer in cats. He always has a tribe of the felines around his place and from now on is thinking of starting a breeding farm and sending one particular cat out to educate the balance of the bunch.

Here is the story, and it is not told by Sterling, but of course, Sterling was the one that copped all the money. Last night one of Sterling's kittens drifted out of the place and got tangled up with the muddy sidewalk on Halsey street. Two minutes later the same kitten drifted back into the hotel, but with something between its teeth.

It looked like a small mouse the kitten had between its teeth. It was not. It was one of those little pocketbooks that women carry on the inside of their big purses and it had \$1.64 in cash in it. "Looks pretty good to me," remarked Sterling. "Guess I'll train all the rest of the kittens the same way."

Now every morning the patrol of the Stag hotel are looking around before they get out of bed to see if the kittens have been in with any money.—Newark Star.